



TOM'S CRIPPLED SISTER.

His Home Down in Elizabeth Street and the Present for the Little Girl.

If you cross City Hall park in the evening you will likely encounter little Tom. There's a something in his voice as he cries out to make you think of a night bird—a tremulous, quavering call that attracts your attention over all other sounds. Tom and I went into partnership last fall after the first freeze up. I got the shoes and hat and suit and he wore them. It did him proud, and now and then an envious fellow newsboy would have thumped him out of spite if I hadn't kept an eye on him and bribed a policeman to do the same.

I went down home with him once—down in Elizabeth street—and I found he had a one armed father, who found it hard to get along, and a mother who worked hard and kept hoping, and a sister Kate, ten years old. The girl met with a fall years before, and was so crippled that she had not been out of the house for long years. It was awful to realize of what she was deprived and of the bitter poverty still further to be endured, but she was trying to be brave and cheerful and make the best of fate.

"Tom," I said one day after, "I want to buy Kate a Santa Claus present when Christmas comes. You keep quiet, but find out what will please her most and she shall have it."

I suppose that little chap worked and worried harder over that than over anything else in his whole life. He came to me time after time with suggestions. One day it would be a book, the next a slate, the next a new dress or a pair of slippers; but when he was at the point of giving up in despair we decided on a hand glass, brush and comb in a red plush box.

"That's it—that's the checker!" shouted little Tom, as I took him into a store one day and made a selection. "Jemima whiz—but when Kate gets that she wouldn't trade places with the rich girl in New York!"

I took the box to the office and almost every day the lad came up and we had it out for another look. He couldn't have been more elated had he known that he was to get a fifty dollar bill in his own stocking. I expect he had a hard time of it at home to keep the secret, but he managed to do it.

Just a week before Christmas little Tom came up stairs one day just as I was going home with an attack of the grip. I made it up with him how he was to get the box if I was laid up, and so, when the days passed and I was still house up, I felt that the little cripple would not be disappointed after all. Ah! that night before Christmas how many little hearts were made glad in this great city! And how many thousands were made happy on Christmas day by the gifts which public charity bought and distributed.

It was on Christmas day that I went down into Elizabeth street and climbed to the top floor of a tenement to wish little Tom and his folks a merry Christmas, and to see if the crippled girl had safely received her much-talked-of and much-looked-at present. I found gloom and woe where I had looked for smiles and sunshine. There were tears and sobs and lamentations in those poverty stricken rooms, while everywhere else in New York there were shouts of joy and exultation.

Little Tom's mother led me into a bedroom without a word. On the bed, dressed for her coffin, was the crippled girl—dying quietly and peacefully the day before. On the stand beside her was the services of Miss Franklin Leet, who lived with her, to write love letters for her, as she did not feel able to perform this task herself. Mrs. Martin became acquainted with P. A. King, and in the course of time they were married, his correspondence having been answered by Miss Leet.

After living together almost two years Mrs. King died without compensating Miss Leet for her valuable services in wording the love letters so as to catch a husband, as she claimed. Mrs. King, however, had given her a note for \$200 for the services, and King, who was appointed administrator, ignored this note, which was on file when he settled up the estate.

The suit is to set aside the settlement of the estate in order to get the note in a new settlement.—Crawfordsville Cor. Indianapolis Journal.

College Colors.
All colleges have distinctive "colors" as well as "cries," and they are much more useful. In football matches and rowing races the college colors afford an easy and pleasant method of distinguishing the contestants, when the cries would only confuse. Below is given a list of the colors worn by all the principal colleges in the United States: New York university, violet.

Yale, blue.

Dartmouth, dark green.

Rutgers, scarlet.

Harvard, crimson.

Brown, brown and white.

Williams, royal purple.

Bowdoin, white.

Wesleyan, cardinal and black.

Hamilton, rose pink.

Kenyon, mauve.

Michigan, blue and maize.

California, blue and gold.

University of Virginia, cardinal and gray.

Swarthmore, garnet.

Madison, orange and maroon.

University of Vermont, old gold and green.

C. C. N. Y., lavender.

Wooster, old gold.

University of the South, red and blue.

Vassar, pink and gray.

Bates, garnet.

Union, garnet.

Colby, silver gray.

Columbia, blue and white.

Trinity, white and green.

Princeton, orange and black.

Amherst, white and purple.

Lafayette, white and maroon.

Cornell, cornelian and white.

Boston university, scarlet and white.

Syracuse, blue and pink.

Rochester, blue and gray.

Tufts, blue and brown.

University of Pennsylvania, blue and red.

Dickinson, red and white.

University of South Carolina, red and blue.

Rensselaer Polytechnic, cherry.

Ohio university, blue.

Alleghany, cadet blue and old gold.

Adelbert, Bismarck brown and purple.

University of North Carolina, white and blue.

Hobart, orange and purple.

Büchtel, orange and blue.—Golden Days.

Pay for Writing Love Letters.

An old lawsuit is again occupying the attention of our court, and Judge Harney is at a loss how to rule on the points of the case, because he is unable to find any similar case on record. The case has been in our court several times, and it was supposed the matter had been dropped. Years ago Mrs. Nancy Martin, who then lived near Linden, secured the services of Miss Franklin Leet, who lived with her, to write love letters for her, as she did not feel able to perform this task herself. Mrs. Martin became acquainted with P. A. King, and in the course of time they were married, his correspondence having been answered by Miss Leet.

After living together almost two years Mrs. King died without compensating Miss Leet for her valuable services in wording the love letters so as to catch a husband, as she claimed. Mrs. King, however, had given her a note for \$200 for the services, and King, who was appointed administrator, ignored this note, which was on file when he settled up the estate.

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Matrimonial Complications.

The particulars of a very strange wedding have just become public. Night before last Mrs. Liza Stanley, a wealthy widow living east of Liberty, was married to Mr. James Esherman. Mrs. Stanley is over forty-five years of age and Esherman is only twenty-one. Mrs. Stanley was left a widow two years ago, when her husband, Lewis Stanley, died, leaving his wife and five children in very comfortable circumstances. He left a good 160 acre farm and over \$3,000 in cash. Recently Charles Stanley, of Liberty, who is a son of Mrs. Esherman, was married to a sister of his new step-father. Esherman is not only his step-father, but his brother-in-law, and his wife's brother and father-in-law.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Quaker Stories of the Royal Family.

The royal family have been much annoyed by the sensational inventions of some journals respecting the circumstances attending their recent loss. The queen is described as having "fallen down" when she was informed of her grandson's death; and another journal stated that her majesty "was obliged to rush into the open air." These stories are entirely fictitious. The queen was fully prepared to hear of her grandson's death, as the latest bulletin had left no ground for hope, and her majesty was quite aware that he had no constitution to carry him through a severe illness.

The queen has remained perfectly calm throughout, and is now in her usual excellent health.—London World.

A Large Transaction.

A sale of \$2,400,000 worth of stocks was recently made and the money paid over with as little ado as an ordinary man would make over a ten dollar transaction. Two men were in one of our leading banks discussing stocks, when one of them said he would sell certain securities if he got his price. "What will you take?" was promptly asked. "Two million four hundred thousand dollars," came the answer, equally prompt. "I will take them," and coolly reaching for a small piece of plain, white paper, the purchaser wrote out a check for \$2,400,000 on the Fourth National Bank of New York. The check was immediately deposited and paid the next morning through the clearing house.—Philadelphia Record.

Women Capture a Wildcat.

A highly exciting wildcat chase took place at Will's Cove, about three miles southwest of Livingston. Wednesday, the cat, which was of gigantic proportions, was seen about 9 o'clock in the morning by Mrs. Gabriel Johnson and her two daughters, and they immediately set three large greyhounds on it. The animal ran for some distance, but was finally tamed by the dogs, and one of the ladies summoned up the courage to get a double-barreled gun and fire at the monster. Her bravery was repaid by the sight of the animal falling dead from the tree at the first report of the gun. The ladies are very proud of their success.—Richmond Dispatch.

Officer A. H. Bratley
of the Fall River PoliceTHE AMERICAN HOUSE,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

At the Centre, three minutes' walk from the D. L. & W. R. R. station.

All kinds of Bottled Beer for Family Use delivered.

Special attention given to Transient Guests.

W. R. COURTER, Proprietor.

RESTAURANT,
Separate Dining-Room for Ladies.

Meals Served at all Hours, Day or Night.

March

is very important that during the months of March April May the blood should be thoroughly purified and the system be given strength to withstand the debilitating effect of the changing season. For this purpose Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses peculiar merit and is the Best Spring Medicine.

The following just received, demonstrates its wonderful blood-purifying powers:

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"Gentlemen: I have had only rheum for a number of years, and for the past year one of my legs, from the knee down, has been broken out very badly. I took blood medicine for a long time with no good results, and was at one time obliged to walk with crutches. I finally concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and before I had taken one bottle the improvement was so marked that I continued until I had taken three bottles, and am now better than I have been in years. The inflammation has all left my leg and it is entirely healed. I have had such benefit from

Hood's Sarsaparilla

that I concluded to write this voluntary statement." F. J. TEMPLE, Ridgeway, Mich.

Hood's PILLS act easily, promptly and effectively.

Best dinner pills.

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